

XIV.

Sure Sign how all's within, I grow!
 C--n---l once forc'd such Streams to flow,
 : gniir So dreadful he to meet 'Tis;
 Shou'd gentle ~~C--n---l~~, ~~Die~~, ~~B--l~~, ~~to~~
 Or drowfy ~~S--l~~, wake in Wrath,
 .gundg'Twould cause a Diabetes.

XV.

Oh Patrick, Courage-giving Saint,
 Reverse my Pray'r thou late didst grant,
 5 lliv Or I'm forever undone!
 Rust all their Swords, break their Swords,
 And if they'll fight it out in Words,
 I'll come again to London.



F I N I S

ny
Horace's Odes
No. 8
Horatius Flaccus
4/8
The Fourth

ODE

Of the Fourth BOOK of
H O R A C E.

Imitated and applied to His ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE DUKE

OF

CUMBERLAND

L O N D O N Printed;

A R M A G H Re-printed by *William Dickie*;

In the Year, 1746:

The Fourth

O D E

Of the Fourth Book of

Horace

Imitated and applied to the Royal Household

THE DUKE



CUMBRIDGE

LONDON Printed

At the Press of W. & A. G. Nichol

In the Year 1846

The IV. ODE of the IV Book of *Horace*
Imitated and Applied, &c.

(a)



S that Imperial Bird employ'd by *Jove*
To bear the Thunder thro' the Realms above,
To whom o'er all the feather'd Kind,
When on the Sun He saw him gaze
And meet the Lightning's forky blaze,
Heaven's King the Rule assign'd,

(b) By Youth and native Vigour from his Nest
Was rous'd, impatient of inglorious Rest,
Eager for Labours yet unknown;
And taught by wafting Winds to soar
New Regions venture'd to explore,
When bright the Æther shone:

(c) The Doubts which thro'b'd in his young Heart remov'd,
His Courage quick'ned and his Strength improv'd,
Soon upon Feats of War intent,

(d) On bleating Folds, to try his Might
In Preludes to some nobler Fight,
He aim'd his first Descent;

Urg'd

(a) *Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem*
Cui rex deorum regnum in aves vagas
Permisit ———

(b) *Olim juvenas & patrius vigor*
Nido laborum propulit inscium,
Vernisq jam nimbis remotis
Insolitos docuere nisus

Venti (c) paventem : mox in ovilia

(d) Devist hostem vividus impetus;

(e) Urg'd then by Love of more illustrious Spoils,
 And Glory to be won by hardier Toils,
 Dragons attack'd of fiery Breath;
 His Talons grasp'd with strong Embrace
 The fiercest of th' empyson'd Race,
 Reluctant ev'n in Death:

(f) Or as the Princely Lion scours the Wood,
 From Milk but lately wean'd, in quest of Blood;
 Whom when a Mountain Goat espies,
 While Horror thrills thro' ev'ry Vein,
 From Pastures where He hope'd to reign,
 Back to his Rocks He flies:

So *Britain's* Royal Chief, by innate Worth
 Impell'd, and arm'd for Vengeance, issued forth;
 The *Vandals* of our Clime and Age,
 Hirelings of faithless *France* and *Rome*,
 (g) Saw thus the dauntless *William* come
 To quell their impious Rage.

Amidst their dreary Wastes, and Hills of Snow
 They saw the blooming Hero's Courage glow,
 Throughout a Winter's rough Campaign;
 While deep Morasses, horrid Woods,
 Tremendous Steeps, and swelling Floods
 Oppose'd his March in vain.

Those

(e) *Nunc in reluctantes dracones
 Egit amor dapis atq; pugnae:*

(f) *Qualemve letis caprea pascuis
 Intenta, fulvae matris ab ubere
 Jam lacte depulsum leonem*

----- vidit:
 (g) *Videre Rhæti bella sub Alpibus
 Drusum gerentem & Vindelici: diu*

Those Sons of Rapine, whose tumultuous Band,
(b) Fluth'd with Succels, had ravage'd Half the Land,

By Him pursue'd like Beasts of Prey,
(i) And by his Conduct, which prevail'd
Where Age and long Experience fail'd,
Crush'd in One glorious Day,

(k) Felt what a high born Genius could atchieve,
How soon his Country's Fame in Arms retrieve,
A Genius by Example fire'd,
A Son by great *Augustus* love'd,
By Him in Martial Skill approve'd,
With noblest Thoughts inspire'd.

(l) Virtues transmitted with their generous Blood
Mark the Descendants of the Brave and Good ;
The lab'ring Ox, the Warrior Steed
Their Sires by Strength or Spirit prove ;
Nor doth the feeble tim'rous Dove
From Eagles fierce proceed.

(m) But wise Instruction in fair Honour's Course
Confirms the Soul, and helps its inborn Force ;
This Nature to Perfection brings :
Culture neglected, Vice takes Place,
Whose Stains the happiest Gifts debase
And taint the Blood of Kings.

(h) *Lateq; victrices catervæ*

(i) *Consiliis juvenis repressæ,*

(k) *Sensere quid mens rite, quid indoles,
Nutrita faslis sub penetralibus
Posset, quid Augusti paternus
In pueros animus Neronæ.*

(l) *Fortes creantur fortibus & bonis:
Est in juvenis, est in equis patrum
Virtus, nec imbellem feroces
Progenerant aquilæ columbam.*

(m) *Doctrina sed vim promovet instam
Restiq; cultus pectora roborant,
Utcunq; defecere mores
Dedecorant bene nata culpæ,*

- (u) O *Britain*, what for his paternal Care
 To *George* is due, thou glorious State, declare,
 Of ev'ry envied Bliss posselt !
 What for a Son, who, when first try'd,
 Fought, bled, and conquer'd by his Side,
 (o) Let the freed *Mayne* attest !

What to the Youth, who *Europe's* Foe repel'd
 By Valour, such as *Edward* once *• beheld,
 Genius of Liberty proclaim !
 'Twas then your drooping Head you rais'd,
 And while *Gaul's* Vet'rans fled amaz'd,
 Foretold his future Fame.

Thrice happy Prince ! long may thy generous Breast
 Feel what it is, by blessing, to be blest,
 Assertor of *Britania's* Laws !
 Who hast the Prize of Glory won,
 The Race when few begin to run,
 Crown'd with the World's Applause.

While beauteous Order from Confusion springs,
 Credit resumes her joyous Look, and brings
 Plenty again to cheer these Isles;
 (p) Religion pure, the Darknels fled
 Which hover'd o'er her sacred Head,
 Shines forth with heavenly Smiles.

Thy

-
- (n) *Quid debeas, O Roma, Neronibus*
 (o) *Testis Metaurum flumen, & Asdrubal*
Devictus, & pulcher fugatis
Ille dies Latio tenebris
Qui primus alma risit adorea.

*• In his Son the black Prince at the Battle of Cressly.

- (p) ————— & impio
Vastata Penorum tumultu
Fana deos habuere rectos.

Thy Country's Peace establish'd by thy Sword,
 Her wonted Vigour with her Health restor'd,
 She spurns proud *Gallia's* threaten'd Yoke ;
 Whole restless Genius, with Dilmay
 Struck by *Culloden's* fatal Day,
 Thus in his Anguish spoke :

- (9) " Shall Stags provoke rapacious Wolves to fight ?
 " Shall They pursue, whose Safety is in flight ?
 " Our desp'rate Folly is the same ;
 " Those we invade, at Home despise,
 " Whole matchless Force with Art to fly,
 " Is Victory, is Fame.

- (7) " As her own Oak, by Axes keen lopt round,
 " Is soon with more majestic Honours crown'd,
 " *Britania's* Glory thus revives ;
 " Through Losses, and through Wounds, at length,
 " Ev'n from the hostile Sword, new Strength
 " And Spirit She derives.

- (5) " *Jove's* Son, in vain, thus saw the Hydra bleed,
 " Heads he strikes off, more numerous Heads succeed ;
 " Griev'd while each Blow augments his Toil :
 " Not *Thebes* such Prodigies could shew,
 " Where sudden Hosts were said to grow
 " From the prolific Soil.

" Plunge

- (9) *Dixitq ; tandem perfidus Annibal :
 Cervi luporum prada rapacium
 Sectamur ultro, quos opimus
 Fallere & effugere est triumphus.*
- (7) *Duris ut ilex tonsa bipennibus
 Nigra feraci frondis in Algido.
 Per damna, per cedes ab ipso
 Ducit opes, animumq ; ferro.*
- (5) *Non Hydra secto corpore firmior
 Vinci dolentem crevit in Herculem ;
 Monstrumve submittere Colchi
 Majus, Echioniæve Thebæ.*